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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Pedro of Castile; a Poem.* By Henry John Shepherd, Esq. 12mo. pp. 165. London, 1838. Murray.

This poem is studded with so much brilliancy, and, taken altogether, is so very Byronish (we mean Don Juanish, without immodest word or thought), that we have much pleasure in calling public attention to its merits and beauties.

A Preface points out that Pedro, called the Cruel, of Spain, owed much of his claim to that odious title to his enemies; but that, in many respects, his character was of a high order, and his passion for Maria de Padilla such as attaches a deep and romantic interest to his name. He is the hero of the poem, and his wars with his illegitimate brother, and other adventures, form the theme of Mr. Shepherd's song:—

"A sort of novel or romance in rhyme,  
Not written to impugn a taste or creed,  
But a mere story of the olden time;  
Th' old story, woman, war."

It opens with the mission of a page dispatched by the king to acquaint Donna Maria with a victory he had gained over his adversaries, and he arrives at her guarded palace, where

"The pages all were charm'd with his address;  
But the old seneschal began to stare  
Upon him with a look of something less  
Than kindness, such as formal ushers wear,  
A too familiar entrance to repress,  
Till, gazing on the ring with closer care,  
He started, for he thought he knew the wearer,  
And 'would be wiser to obey the bearer:  
Then, with the condescension of high breeding,  
That charming pliancy and ease,  
Which all officials borrow when 'tis needing  
To soften past asperities and please,  
He bow'd and grin'd with politesse exceeding,  
Advanc'd the page his hand, and with a squeeze  
Told him, the donna must be proud to see  
A soldier from the wars so fam'd as he;  
Then led the way through corridor and hall.  
\* \* \* \* \*

The donna sat upon a silken couch,  
Whose crimson lustre lent a softer'd bloom  
To such a cheek as Venus might avouch  
Her own, and youthful eyes receive their doom  
From its still depth of beauty: fatal touch  
Of arrowy love from one so high to come,  
That the keen shaft inflicts the double pain  
Of love, with knowledge that to love is vain!  
Her elbow plac'd upon the sofa's side,  
One snowy arm sustain'd her drooping head,  
The other, on her lap reclining, vied  
With monumental stone, so still twas laid;  
From jetty curls, that fell in clust'ring pride  
Around her neck, some wavy ring hairs were spread  
O'er the white breast, whose frequent sigh disclow'd  
The heart was troubled though the form repos'd."

He gives her Pedro's letter:—

"She started as she took it from his hand,  
And her dark eye-balls glanc'd his person o'er  
With rapid search, as if to understand  
From his young brow the tidings that he bore;  
For poets say that men have often scann'd  
The message by the bearer: ticklish lore!  
Like our phonology, that leads astray  
Through blunders in a philosophic way."

We only quote these lines to shew how much of the Byron spirit, with none of the Byron imitation, is breathed in this composition; and it is yet more illustrated as we proceed. The donna, delighted with the intelligence, liberally rewards its bearer.

"For De Padilla was not one of those  
Whose liberality was wintry weather;  
But like the glowing month of June, who throws  
Delicious sights, and scents, and sounds together—

An union of delights; or men might choose  
Enjoyment in the single charm of either,  
The mountain prospect or the garden treasures,  
Or in the ringing wood's untutored measures:  
But though her hand was ever free to part  
With gold and silver, and at random pour'd  
Those precious metals: with a miser's art,  
The dearer riches of her love she stor'd:  
For one, who in the freshness of her heart  
Had made his altar, and there was ador'd:  
As devotee before some idol grim  
Lay their best pearls, she gave her soul to him."

We are not sure that the last simile is a compliment to the king; but let it pass, the continuation of it is truly poetical.

"How sweet, 'neath summer skies, in fragrant bower  
To sit, when Phœbus slopes his golden ray,  
Surrounded by the hues of breathing flowers,  
That shed their sweetest breath at close of day,  
To conjure fairy dreams, and think them ours,  
And squander on the thought our time away!  
What artis builds a palace half so fair  
As those gay glittering castles bas'd on air?  
There sunshine falls, though all around may lower  
With gloom and disappointment! there we wind  
Hope's flattering web, and cherish for an hour  
The dang'rous treasure of a taste refin'd!  
How much that graces virtue, softens power,  
Springs from the visions of unworldly mind,  
As all abroad on Fancy's wings it flies,  
And spurns the earth and mingles with the skies!  
Such idle flights are kin to virtuous thought;  
What villain ever muses? we may scheme,  
But never yet his soul was fancy-caught

By the bright shapes that float in some day-dream  
Of things the poet or the priest has taught,  
Which are, to those they smile on, what they seem:  
Men, in their modes of traffic, lust, and strife,  
Are all he sees or knows of human life."

When we note that we have made the foregoing selections from the first fourteen pages of the poem, we might safely leave the rest to readers and lovers of poetry; but we are tempted out to a few other flights.

"Ah! what is happiness, that magic word?  
A fleeting moment's unexpected ease;  
An interval between two things abhor'd;  
A transient glance of mental sympathies;  
A gleam of sun through low'ring tempest pour'd;  
A distant land the passing sailor sees:—  
It flows from grief, to grief returns again,  
At once the parent and the child of pain."

And the waking of his beloved Maria by Pedro, on the morn after his victorious return, is commented upon very fancifully. When he,

"Bending over, from her dreams of bliss  
To wake her, woke her with the softest kiss.

Sweet is such waking at the early dawn  
In summer, to the many gentle pairs  
Who sleep on down, in chintz, and cambric lawn;  
But vulgar souls, by life's imperious cares  
From rugged mattress with reluctance drawn,  
To toil and spin when morning light appears,  
Regard the waking with a sort of dread,  
Except on Sundays, when they lie a-bed.

Till the church bells are ringing, and the sun  
Has smil'd upon the land for many an hour,  
And all the jolly summer day begun;

The wild-bee busy round the honied flower,  
The bubbling streamlets glancing as they run,  
The birds melodious where the shades embower,  
And men and maids, to sports or prayer address'd,  
Walk through the fields or village in their best."

After this playfulness, the writer may truly say what he does say of his muse in the following stanza—though we will not grant that she is not equally adapted for higher flights.

"My muse, unequal to thy grave affair,  
Was only born to hang a light festoon  
Round some French window, where the summer air  
Breathes in through vine-leaves, gently tempr'ring  
noon;  
Or else to flutter in the magic glare  
Of that deceitful colourist, the Moon,  
Who gives a softn'd charm, a shadowy grace,  
To whatsoe'er she turns her lovely face."

As is the Moon to mortal men and things,  
So is imagination to the mind;  
A thousand airy glittering gems she brings,  
Where solid reason not a gem can find.  
Is it that fancy like a false bird sings,  
Or that cold Reason reasons herself blind?  
Who trusts too much to either goes astray,  
But Reason's is the rational wrong way."

Of the graver tone we choose a still more brief example.

"But 'tis an image worthy of the gods  
To gaze on, when a man can bravely bear  
Ignorant fortune's undeserved odds,  
Turning his skill and courage into air,  
And making merit bend when folly nods;  
Nor let the winds an angry whisper hear,  
But, like a silent sacrifice, await,  
And fix his calm eye on advancing fate."

We are, however, going far beyond our usual limits, and must beg to bid adieu to *Pedro of Castile* with only two other quotations: the first a compliment to a lady's horsemanship, in which we cordially concur.

"'Tis good to see a steed of noble race  
By woman rul'd with skill and mastery,  
The smitten air gives freshness to her face,  
And animation glistens in her eye;  
Her very breathing quickens into grace,  
And by a fault enchant's: few things outvie  
A lovely woman on a fiery horse,  
The mingled charm of gentleness and force."

Our last is portion of the notice of the guests at the royal *soirées* in Granada, when the queen

"Did resort  
To the best means of shaking off the glooms  
Of polish'd people—opening her rooms,  
And filling them with persons of condition,  
Erely a number of the classes upper,  
And, after dancing for a time, to dash on  
A gay, but not an unsubstantial supper;  
She also thought it right to give admission  
To very clever people, rich, or pauper,  
Who talked of metals, and what gold was made of,—  
An art they very often made a trade of.

We, too, can manage science at this time;  
But let them know: this poem is no satire;  
And if it were, 'twould be a foolish rhyme.  
The learn'd and scientific to bespatter  
Not that they're wiser much, nor yet more prime  
Than pleasant dunces; but it were a matter  
To think of twice, before one stood alone  
Against some Samson with a fossil bone.

Parts were there too, for th' Arabian race,  
We're much desirous to the sense of numbers,  
That spirit fine which lends an airy grace;  
To many a mind that learning but encumbers;

With rosy freshness touches Nature's face,  
Oh, charm of waking bliss! and fills the slumbers  
With golden thoughts, whose mingling orient hues  
Part into shapes, obedient to the Muse;

There lovers' breath'd in verse their amorous care,  
And every lady found a quaint conceit  
Her passion half to veil and half declare,  
To prove at once her lover's truth and wit;  
With us the practice is not very rare,  
But still a sonnet's not so easy writ  
By every boy or girl in northern climes,  
Where, happily, the tongue has fewer rhymes."

Our readers will have observed that a frequent change of mood and tense, for the sake of rhyme, is one of Mr. Shepherd's faults. The fourth and fifth cantos are also rather heavy; but the last, the sixth, makes ample amends; and we close his little volume, rejoicing to see (that, if favoured with public applause, which we cannot doubt,) it will be followed by a future continuation.

*Raff Hall.* By Robert Sullivan, Esq. 3 vols.  
12mo. London, 1838. Colburn.

The Author of *Raff Hall* is favourably known to us, as well by some sweet poetry as by spirited sketches communicated to periodical literature; and we believe that the original out-

line of his present three volumes appeared in the shape of an essay, in a production belonging to the latter class, called *The Council of Ten*, which was published, for a short period, some years ago. Whether the material had pith enough to be extended to this length, with the interest of a love story, it is for novel-readers to decide, and only for us to observe, that Mr. Sullivan himself does not seem to think it had, since he has interpolated much of an episodical nature, and filled nearly a volume with descriptions of Italy, Italian manners, and English imitations. We notice the fact without venturing to say that these accessories are not both pleasant and profitable reading.

But in truth, the conduct of the story is not Mr. Sullivan's forte. It is altogether improbable; so much so, that, on drawing near his finale (vol. iii. p. 206), he seems to laugh at his own incredibility. His chief characteristic is humour, and his descriptions of young templars feeding for the bar, watermen on the river, and other scenes and persons belonging to low life are among the best parts of his performance. We may also state that his characters are cleverly drawn, though nearly all of them exaggerated and caricatured. The *outré* bearing of his uncle, Sir Hector Maltravers, and the condition and conduct of his aunt in the beginning, is followed up by similar quaint conceptions of the rest of the *dramatis persona*. Block, the tutor, out-Samsons Dominie Samson in absurdities and the upbringing of his pupil, Capt. Maltravers, not to mention that of the hero himself, his other charge, is sadly over-wrought. Sharp, the attorney, seeking practice by most extraordinary means, comes under the same remark (though ingeniously made to involve and extricate the plot); and, indeed, M. Gilp, the eccentric painter, Mrs. Block, the vicious plotter, and Sourby, the misanthrope, are all, to use an old phrase, tarred with the same stick. There is no want of talent in their portraiture, but we do not feel disposed to believe in their nature; and when this is the case, we take little heed of what they do, and have no care of what becomes of them. They are phantasmagoria, not the life. And we may add that something of the same want of reality is occasioned by the author's not sufficiently developing motives on many occasions; where his characters, therefore, appear to act abruptly and without adequate reasons. Female writers beat men dead hollow in this respect.

That part of the tale which is laid in Italy, among the Carbonari and other conspirators, is penned with much vigour; and the conclusion is brought about amidst such a cluster of incidents, that one might fancy the author was just starting with his inventions, instead of being exhausted at the end of three volumes, and breathless with preceding efforts.

As specimens, abstaining as usual from trenching on the mysteries of the plot, we select two or three extracts from the livelier pages. First, the scamp, young Maltravers, joining the army.

"In a few days my cousin received his commission, and was requested to join his regiment without delay. I went with him in his round of farewell visits. The farmers' daughters presented him with handfuls of redundant ringlets, indulged him with promises of a liberal supply of pot-hooks, and dismissed him with smacks of the lips and hearty hopes that he would not get killed in battle. The barn-door was loud in regrets that he had not enlisted in the volunteers; the public-house had a score of throats distended for libations to his success; Bill Barleycorn declared his friendly intention of coming to see him soldiering; and, in the

event of his being ordered to foreign parts, Bob Buttercup recommended him to desert. After all these touching manifestations of interest, which my cousin received with the dignity becoming an officer and a gentleman, there came the fatherly exhortation of Mr. Block, who knitted his bushy brows, and played Polonius with due solemnity. He informed my cousin that he was going into the army; the profession of arms had been honourable ever since the Siege of Troy; it was a profession the very opposite of fox-hunting, where we fell without credit; incompatible with racing, where the meed was to the fastest runner; low company was its bane, because the first commandment of the drill was to hold up your head; good character was indispensable, because every movement was to the blast of your trumpet. It is not necessary to relate the remainder of my good tutor's eloquence. If it owed not much to his brains, it certainly came warm from his heart; and as he begged his pupil to listen to him for the first time in his life, his feelings were visibly awakened by the possibility that it might be the last. A similar reflection had likewise its effect upon my cousin, and gave him courage, for once, to hear a long sermon out. As he mounted Fireaway to commence his journey, they shook hands with better temper than they had ever done before, and if their mutual low opinion was too deeply fixed to be eradicated, it was tempered with a considerable degree of pity for each other's absurdities."

Two watermen take the hero to fight a night duel, and their bringing him back desperately wounded to his rooms in the Temple is thus described:—

" 'Lord Gimini,' observed Daniel, as they lifted me between them, and bore me towards the boat, 'if we had n't heard the crack o' the pistols whot would ha' become of you, master, the deuce only knows.' 'Ay,' said the other, 'and I'm blest if it ain't a baddish job as it is; for set in case the gen'leman dies in our hands, and can't give no evidence in our favour, I'm blud' if they won't say it's us as has put an end to him. I know'd a chap once as was cotchit in just the same manner to a nicey, excepting it was a little different, seeing as he had picked up a body one night as was drowned, and was a pulling up the river for a doctor, when what should come a'ter him but the Custom House boat to see what he had aboard; so he says, says he, 'Blow me but this won't do; for, if they catches me and finds a dead man, I shall be pulled up for it, and there's no saying how high, so here goes;' and away he pulled like a good un, but it was all of no use, for o'ther was a four-oar, and in they ran upon him. 'Hullo, my hearty,' says one on 'um, 'you're a pretty tightish puller, so just let us see what you're in such a hurry for;' so he puts his hands into the wherry, and the first thing he catches hold on is a pair of long legs, as stiff as a pair of tongues. They says no more, but they whips a pair of darbies on him, and has him away to quod for all he could say. 'You don't say so!' replied Daniel, who was assisting to lay their jackets in the bottom of the boat, and to tie a handkerchief over my hurt; 'and what became of him at last?' 'Why, a'ter a time, he gets loose again, sure enough, but a narrow escape he had; and when I sees him a'terwards, I says, says I, now mind what I says, for you're but a young chap, as the saying is, and when you has a body as is dead, or so far gone as he can't give no account of himself, and the Custom House comes a'ter you, why you just take the ballast of your wherry and tie it round the

neck of the fare, and sink un just like a keg of spirits—I say, sir, how be you now?' It is not to be doubted that, after the foregoing conversation, I made a point of appearing as well as I could; and, with the understanding of a liberal reward for their trouble, my sinewy trustworthies commenced retracing their course to the Temple. Whether I was ever to get there, appeared to depend so mainly upon my not becoming contraband, that I took pains to attend to all that passed, in order, as occasion required, to give tokens of vitality. 'Well,' said Daniel, resuming the conversation as soon as we were fairly afloat, 'and I suppose there was a crowner's inquest upon the body; and, after examining a score or two of witnesses, and sitting boxed up for a week, they just finds a verdict of "found drowned," which every body knowed from the first, as they thought, and yet, mayhap, they was wrong a'ter all.' Daniel then proceeded in a lower and more mysterious tone: 'there's a chap here, as is no doubt on, who, when they gets a fare as is a little overtaken with regard to liquor, or such like, can take the gold watch out of his pocket, and shove a pewter one in the place of it, and the notes out of his purse and leave the silver, and make him look as like a accidentally drowned as if he had jumped in of his own accord.' Here I gave a slight cough, and the man proceeded: 'but, speaking of a body as is found, and who has the best right to it, my sentiments is these:—If so be it is alive, why it naturally belongs to itself, and nobody can't dispute it; but if it is dead, why then it ought to be the perquisites of the waterman as fishes it out, for a good body as has 'nt been in the water too long, is worth a matter of five pound or more, according as it happens. There's a young doctor chap, what's a scholar of St. Bartlemy's Hospital, as asked me scores of times to look out for un down tide, and says if I'll hook un out a subject, he'll make it worth ten pound to me, by sharing it with five or six more of 'em. One night I carries home a parcel for un, and he says, says he, 'Dannel, if you comes into my workshop I'll shew you summat,' and what was it but an atom as danced about upon the walls, for all the world like them long gaffer long legs, and all the veins was filled with sealing-wax, and stuck out as stiff as the horns of a boiled lobster. I say, master, you b'ant no worser, be you? 'Oh, no!' I replied, in the voice of a dying man, 'I am getting better and better every moment.'"

The following passage relative to an operation of mind in language, may deserve the notice of metaphysicians. An Italian *sbirro*, after much insult, expresses a hope that the *nobil Inglese* will remember him, and our author says:—

" 'Remember you, you d—d rascal!' thought I, in my own language, and thundered I in the strongest words in which I could translate it."

With this odd morsel we are fain to finish, and leave *Ruff Hall* to its fate.

*Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year.*

No. I. 8vo. London, 1838. Baily and Co. "HOOD'S OWN" is a palpable misnomer: it ought to be, *Every Body's Own*, for there is nobody who loves humour and talent who will not have it. "From Year to Year," too! how pleased we are that that is also wrong, seeing it is to be from month to month, and therefore the Y's are not properly introduced as parties to the extension of the laugh from ear to ear.

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There is another difficulty in this publication. It is to be a Selection of Papers from the "Comic Annual" and other sources; but selection implies rejection; and we confess, had such a task devolved upon us, we should never have known what part of our Momus to amputate. We should not like to maim or lame him; to lop off even a bit of ragged skin. How could one carve a fowl which is all merry-thoughts; with, to be sure, fancy for wings, and, oftentimes, beautiful white feelings for breast?

But there is to be an "infusion of new blood" into the original body; which will no doubt increase the circulation; and, though doctors may wonder at it, there is a likelihood of robust health, albeit there is no bile, no gall, no chyle (chyle, we believe they call it), and not a single puff of breath; little, indeed, but a keen sight, vivid perceptions, muscle, nerve, and a magnificently large diaphragm. Is it not strange that a thing or being so constituted should appear in Parts? yet so it is, and this is the first, *alias* No. I.

It opens with a Preface by way of an inaugural discourse on a certain system of practical philosophy, which is quite worthy of the author. He gives a history of his physical sufferings with so much plesantry, that it would reconcile one to indisposition, if it did not induce a sort of liking for sickness, and make us exclaim—it would be well for us to be ill! And, truly, if disease can be rendered so delectable, we see no reason why we should not burn for a fever, tremble lest we should not have an ague, rave for delirium, pant for an asthma, pine away for consumption, whoop for a cough, cry for rheumatism, roar for a spasm, bawl for cramp, due for tic, murmur for measles, pray for smallpox, and so on through the whole catalogue of what used to be thought human miseries.

Only behold how charming Disorder is! Ladies, we are aware, have had the secret of making it so, since soon after the deluge, but this is the first occasion on which we have observed the phenomenon in a male:

"Presuming (says he) that you have known something of the 'Comic Annual' from its Childhood, when it was first put into half binding and began to run alone, I make bold to consider you as an old friend of the family, and shall accordingly treat you with all the freedom and confidence that pertain to such ripe connexions."

Confidential and kind, he goes on to tell us: "The Scot and lot character of the dispensation forbids me to think that the world in general can be particularly interested in the state of my household sufferage, or that the public ear will be as open to my maladies as to my melodies. The simple truth is, that, being a wiser but not sadder man, I propose to admit you to my private view of a system of practical cheerful philosophy, thanks to which, perchance, the cranium of your humourist is still secure from such a lecture as was delivered over the skull of poor Yorick. In the absence of a certain thin 'blue-and-yellow' visage, and attenuated figure,—whose effigies may one day be affixed to the present work,—you will not be prepared to learn that some of the merriest effusions in the forthcoming numbers have been the relaxations of a gentleman literally enjoying bad health—the carnival, so to speak, of a personified *jour malgre*. The very fingers so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' My coats have become great coats, my pantaloons are turned into trousers, and, by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am, of

a bad colour with very little body. But, what then? That emaciated hand still lends a hand to embody in words and sketches the creations or recreations of a merry fancy: those gaunt sides yet shake heartily as ever at the grotesques and arabesques and droll picturesques that my good genius (a Pantagruelian familiar) charitably conjures up to divert me from more sombre realities. It was the whim of a late pleasant comedian, to suppose a set of spiteful imps sitting up aloft, to aggravate all his petty mundane annoyances; whereas I prefer to believe in the ministry of kindlier elves that 'nod to me and do me courtesies.' Instead of scaring away these motes in the sunbeam, I earnestly invoke them, and bid them welcome; for the tricksy spirits make friends with the animal spirits; and do not I, like a father romping with his own urchins,—do not I forget half my cares whilst partaking in their airy gambols? Such sports are as wholesome for the mind as the other frolics for the body. For, on our own treatment of that excellent friend or terrible enemy, the imagination, it depends whether we are to be scared and haunted by a Scratching Fanny, or tended by an affectionate Invisible Girl—like an unknown love, blessing us with 'favours secret, sweet and precious,' and fondly stealing us from this worky-day world to a sunny sphere of her own. This is a novel version, reader, of 'Paradise and the Peri,' but it is true as it is new. How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness—by what other agency could I have transported myself, as a Cockney would say, from *Dullage* to *Grinnage*? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of physicians quite as abroad as myself with the case; indeed, the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved, that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of every thing. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale: there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets. However my body might cry craven, my mind luckily had no mind to give in. So, instead of mounting on the black long-tailed coach-horse, she vaulted on her old hobby that had capered in the morris-dance, and began to exhort from its back. To be sure, said she, matters look darkly enough; but the more need for the lights. *Allons! Courage!* Things may take a turn, as the pig said on the spit. Never throw down your cards, but play out the game. The more certain to lose, the wiser to get all the play you can for your money. Come—give us a song! chirp away like that best of cricket-players, the cricket himself. Be bowled out or caught out, but never throw down the bat. As to health, it's the weather of the body—it hails, it rains, it blows, it snows, at present, but it may clear up by-and-by. You cannot eat, you say, and you must not drink; but laugh and make believe, like the barber's wise brother at the Barmecide's feast. Then, as to thinness, not to flatter, you look like a lath that has had a split with the carpenter and a fall out with the plaster; but so much the better: remember how the smugglers trim the sails of the lugger to escape the notice of the cutter. Turn your edge to the old enemy, and mayhap he won't see you! Come, be alive! You have no more right to slight your life than to neglect your wife—they are the two better halves that make a man of you! Is not life your means of living? so stick to thy business, and thy business will stick to thee. Of course, continued my mind, I am quite disinterested in this advice—for I am aware of my own immortality—

but for that very reason, take care of the mortal body, poor body, and give it as long a day as you can! Now, my mind seeming to treat the matter very pleasantly as well as profitably, I followed her counsel, and instead of calling out for relief according to the fable, I kept along on my journey, with my bundle of sticks,—i. e. my arms and legs."

"Gentle reader," he continues, "how do you like this laughing philosophy? The joyous cheers you have just heard, come from a crazy vessel that has clawed, by miracle, off a lee-shore, and I, the skipper, am sitting down to my grog, and recounting to you the tale of the past danger, with the manoeuvres that were used to escape the perilous point. Or, rather, consider me as the director of a life assurance, pointing out to you a most beneficial policy, whereby you may eke out your natural term. And, firstly, take precious care of your precious health,—but how, as the housewives say, to make it keep? Why, then, don't cure and smoke-dry it—or pickle it in everlasting acids—like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato-pit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the Barbadians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it in hot baths. Don't bottle it, like gooseberries. Don't pot it—and don't hang it. A rope is a bad *cordon sanitaire*. Above all, don't despise about it. Let not anxiety 'have thee on the hyp.' Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a 'clever hack,' of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief, that you are going the pace. Never fancy every time you cough, that you are going to coughy-pot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the heaviest ground. Despondency in a nice case is the over-weight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half-way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains; though it should be a Scotch mile and a bittock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is a *Ha! ha!*—wherefore, take care to have one all round you wherever you can. Let your 'lungs crow like Chanticleer,' and as like a *game cock* as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and 'like a trumpet makes the spirits dance.'"

Was ever ailment treated so merrily before? Never, that we know of; and so we welcome the Merryman as far superior to the Doctor, who, in fact, is a mere quack, an Eady, *alias* a Needy, a Morrison, *alias* a Morrice-soon.

The "Pugsley Papers," among the most rich and racy of Hood's *jeux d'esprit*, descriptive of a London shoemaker and family in possession of a Lincolnshire Fen estate, opens the ball; and are followed by a poem, called "An Ancient Concert," with a droll tail-piece—"A Race to be First Fiddle," by five violins on legs. We give a few lines as a specimen.

"Our concert *sinsiglo* give at night  
The music that has had its *day*?  
So spoke, for you cannot write  
Till thoughts made—Ran gray.  
Your song may charm a modern ear,  
Nay, ours when three or fourscore old,  
But in this ancient atmosphere,  
Fresh air like yours would give us cold!"

Away, ye leaders all, who lead  
With violins, quite modern things;  
To guide our ancient hand we need  
Old fiddlers out of leading strings!"

The only other novelty in the Number is entitled "Black, White, and Brown;" a quizz-

cal touch at the practice of leaving off sugar in order to discourage slavery—a practice, by the way, which might be given up since the Emancipation Bill passed. Of this pleasantries we shall not anticipate the point, but content ourselves with one page, descriptive of the consequences of Miss Morbid's discontinuing the use of sugar.

With a hope of being similarly remembered in her will, the poor relations of Miss Morbid continued to drink the 'warm without,' which she administered to them every Sunday, under the name of tea: and Hogarth would have desired no better subject for a picture than was presented by their physiognomies. Some pursed up their lips, as if resolved that the nauseous beverage should never enter them; others compressed their mouths, as if to prevent it from rushing out again. One took it mincingly, in sips,—another gulped it down in desperation,—a third, in a fit of absence, continued to stir very superfluously with his spoon; and there was one shrewd old gentleman, who, by a little dexterous by-play, used to bestow the favour of his small souchong on a sick geranium. Now and then an astonished

stranger would retain a half cupful of the black dose in his mouth, and stare round at his fellow guests, as if tacitly putting to them the very question of Mathew's Yorkshirer in the mail coach—'Coompany! oop or doon?' The greatest sufferers, however, were Miss Morbid's two nephews, still in the morning of their youth, and, boylike, far more inclined to 'sip the sweets' than to 'hail the dawn.' They had formerly looked on their aunt's house as peculiarly a *dulce domum*. Prior to her sudden conversion, she had been famous for the manufacture of a sort of hard-bake, commonly called Toffy, or Taffy,—but now, alas! Taffy was not at home, and there was nothing else to invite a call. Currant tart is tart indeed without sugar; and as for the green gooseberries, they always tasted, as the young gentlemen affirmed, 'like a quart of berries sharpened to a pint.' In short, it always required six pennyworth of lollipops and bull's-eyes, a lick of honey, a dip of treacle, and a pick at a grocer's hogshead, to sweeten a visit at Aunt Morbid's. To tell the truth, her own temper soured a little under the prohibition. She could not persuade the sugar-eaters that they were vam-

pires;—instead of practising, or even admiring her self-denial, they laughed at it; and one wicked wag even compared her, in allusion to her acerbity and her privation, to a crab without *the nippers*. She persevered, notwithstanding, in her system; and to the constancy of a martyr added something of the wilfulness of a bigot."

Need we, after these remarks, and still less after these extracts (like extracts from sugar), recommend this re-production to the public? We think not; and have only to express our fervent hope that its abundant fruits may add another and a solid solace, a medicine of price, a comforting monthly draught, renovating bills,\* warm plaasters, effectual mitigants, noon, night, and morning, to assuage and finally make a perfect cure of the maladies so cheerfully borne by Thomas Hood.

The Cover, by Alfred Crowquill, is one of the cleverest designs we have seen, with a number of Hoods (such as childhood, monk's hood, hood-winking, &c. &c.), wrought into a very fanciful wreath.

\* *Quare, Renewed pills?—Printer's Devil! The ass!—Bl.*



*A Traveller's Rambling Reminiscences of the Spanish War; with a Refutation of the Charges of Cruelty brought against General Evans, and the British Legion; and a Defence of British Policy, &c.* By the Rev. Thomas Farr. 12mo. pp. 335. London, 1838. Ridgway and Son.

IT seems rather an odd taste for a clergyman to go rambling among such scenes as are here described, but, as the old proverb has it, "every man to his mind, as the piper said when he kissed the cow." If ever the King of the Gipsies can afford, and wishes to keep a chaplain, we recommend the Rev. Mr. Farr to his majesty for that office.

With regard to the work before us, it, not only on the reports of others, but from what the writer witnessed with his own eyes, asserts that the Carlist barbarities were not retaliated by the British Legion, nor even in any great degree by the Christinos, but were met by forbearance and moderation. We should, indeed, be sorry not to believe this; for we cannot imagine that the worst class of Britons ever collected

together would be guilty of such cruel atrocities as Mr. Farr ascribes to the Carlists. We fear, however, notwithstanding the instances of exception adduced, that there has been but too much horror on both sides, as there always is in civil wars, to revolt and disgust humanity, deluge unhappy Spain with blood, and disorganise every social, moral, and Christian relation, and that generations must pass away before these can be restored.

It could be no pleasure to our readers were we to go into the particulars of these murders and massacres, nor is it our part to enter into the political discussions of the question. Suffice it to say, that the author is a warm Christino, a steadfast partisan of General Evans, a stanch defender of the ministerial policy and interference, and an out-and-out anti-Tory. His opinions being strengthened by, if not based on actual observation, are, accordingly, to be measured by that standard; and, having stated so much on the general character of the work, we shall conclude by citing a small portion which has, certainly, not a little amused us.

The author, meeting some of the fugitives running back to St. Sebastian from the unfortunate fight of March 16th, recites what various parties said to him when he endeavoured to ascertain the cause of their flight; and among the rest we have the following. "Another said, it is not our fault, for they allowed our left wing to be turned; all I say is, **DAMN SUCH GENERALS!**" Upon which the Reverend gentleman remarks, "I mention these details to shew, that not from one of these poor fellows did I hear the least cry for vengeance, the least ferocity of language, or any expression (or gesture) that was not becoming their situation, under the unfortunate circumstances they were placed in." This is certainly a most happy piece of clerical commentary.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Parliamentary Pocket Companion for 1838, including a Compendious Feoffee.* (London, Whittaker and Co.)—By bestowing great care upon this small but most useful, and we would say, politically important publication, &

\* "Hear a gesture" is not amiss.

is really surprising to notice how much it has been improved, even since we thought it well deserving of very high commendation. Since 1832, when it was begun, to the present year, the editor must have bestowed great pains in obtaining corrections of any errors, and additional official information. The result is, an excellent guide to both Houses of Parliament, the opinions of the members, their places of residence, the general parliamentary intelligence, officers, agents, mode of conducting business, &c. &c. &c.; and all so well arranged, as to save a world of trouble to every one who may have occasion to seek for reference to such matters.

The Annual Scrap Book; a Selection of Paragraphs which have appeared in the Newspapers and Periodicals. Pp. 12mo. (London, W. Smith.)—Scissors well employed; for these pages contain a thousand extracts of humour, oddity, utility, anecdote, and information. It is strange reading.

Glossary of Architecture. 8vo. pp. 144. (London, Tilt; Oxford, Parker; Leicester, Combe and Co.)—To say that this work, with its four hundred cuts, has already reached a second edition, is only to mark its merits and its second step to far more general circulation.

Supplement to every Yearly Almanack. (London, Schloss.)—This slight brochure, translated from the German by W. S. B. Woolhouse, has strong claims to notice. As a production of much interest to the science of astronomy, it is more valuable than some dozen of large volumes we have seen. The tables of comets, fixed stars, &c. &c. complete a clever guide to the knowledge of the external heavens.

Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, by Walton. 12mo. pp. 424. (London, Washbourne.)—A new and edition of these popular biographies.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. (London, C. Knight.)—The last two volumes have given us Davis's Chinese Empire, than which, a more agreeable and instructive history, I do not believe comprised within so portable a form, and so cheap a compass.

Dr. Aikin's Letters from a Father to his Son. Pp. 363. (London, Smith.)—We have merely to notice this new and next edition of a justly popular work.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Esher, January 25, 1833.

SIR,—In your article on the "Rural Life of England," on Saturday, you refer to my statement that several contemporary writers had borrowed facts from "The Book of the Seasons," without the slightest acknowledgment, and then charge me with having been guilty, in "The Book of the Seasons" itself, of the very offence of which I complained. You quote, in proof, two passages from "Forster's Perennial Calendar," as given in "The Book of the Seasons," and follow them up with this passage:—"These are specimens of that simple and uniform rule, in acknowledging the loan from other authors, to which Mr. Howitt professes his adherence; and a fair one, too, considering that we have only copied from two pages of his work, and that neither of the passages in his volume have even the honour of a poor inverted comma, much less the name of the author from whom they have been plundered. Did our limits admit of it, we could produce a score or two of similar examples, many of them scarcely varying a word from the works whence they have been taken, without the slightest acknowledgment."

Now, it would have been just as well, if, before making this rash and absurd charge, you had read the *very opening* of the book on which it is based. You would then have seen that, in the case of the passages which you have instanced, and "the score or two which you could have produced," there needed not "even the honour of a poor inverted comma," for they are thus acknowledged in the Preface:

Extract from the Preface to "The Book of the Seasons."

"My plan has been to furnish an original article on the general appearances of nature in each month, drawn entirely from my own regular observations through many seasons; and, finally, to superadd a GREAT VARIETY OF FACTS, from the best sources, as well as such as occurred to myself after the principal article was written."

This clear and unequivocal announcement

was made in the first edition of 1831, and has been repeated in every edition, to the number of four or five, to the present moment, and through a space of six years. But, to make the acknowledgment more distinct, a bar, or line, has been drawn in every edition between the *original* department and the *compiled* department, and it is from the *compiled* department that you take your quotations.

So much for your charge of borrowing *without the slightest acknowledgment*. Had you found your passages in what I professed and claimed to be my own, it would have been to the purpose, for that is exactly what I accused others of doing by me—taking my facts and *professing them to be their own*, and even *boasting of them* as such. Yours are taken from a *confessed compilation*, in which, if the name of the author quoted is not always actually attached, he is declared by the general announcement in the Preface to be "one of the best sources" of information on the subject.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ANTI-DRY-ROT.

Lime Street Square, 26th January, 1836.

SIR,—My attention having been called to an article in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last, headed "Anti-dry-rot," I must trespass on your columns with some few remarks on the erroneous assertions which it contains. Had the observations referred, solely, to the new process for preventing dry-rot in timber, and mildew in canvass, detailing fairly the experiments made, they would have passed unnoticed by me; for the field of science is open to all, and experience, by repeated and long-continued experiments, is the surest test of efficacy and merit. But, in the article to which I allude, it is insidiously attempted to raise the value of this new process by detraction and false statements regarding a process well known, and long since proved—viz. *Kyan's patent*. Assertions and experiments by the parties interested, I am well aware, meet with very little attention; therefore, in reply to the false assertions, "that a solution of corrosive sublimate is not effective in preserving canvass and cordage," I request your insertion of the enclosed letters, detailing experiments made by parties for their own satisfaction and conviction. The

\* \* \* London, June 13, 1836.

SIR,—Having just returned from the East Indies, in the command of the Lord Hungerford, I am anxious to do justice to Kyan's patent process for the prevention of mildew in sailcloth which causes their certain decay, by detailing to you facts under my own observation. In order to satisfy myself of the alleged efficacy of the process, on my departure from England, last August, I had an awning made partly of common canvass and partly of the same canvas having been submitted to the patent process, considering this the fairest way of judging of the difference. The result proves that it was so, and by the end of the voyage I consider that I had most decisive proof of the efficacy of the patent process. The portions of the awning which had undergone the process are perfectly sound and clean; whereas those made of the common unprepared canvass, are quite mildewed. You are at perfect liberty to make use of this letter, and I have much pleasure in affording to your Company so satisfactory a proof the efficacy of the anti-dry-rot process. I am, sir, &c.

CHARLES FARQUHARSON.  
To the Secretary of the Anti-dry-rot Company.  
London, August 24, 1836.

CORDAGE.

To the Secretary of the Anti-dry-rot Company.  
I, William Parry Richards, of 8 Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, wine-merchant, do hereby certify that, early in the year 1833, owing to certain vaults in my cellars being very much affected with damp, I was requested by Mr. Kyan to try some experiments therein, with the view of putting to the best possible test the efficacy of his process against the rot, and consequent decay of rope and canvass, which I compiled with as follows:—On the 23d of February, 1833, I suspended a weight of four pounds by a piece of half-inch cord, two yards long, which was

evidence of such experiments I place in juxtaposition with the individual experiment of the patentee of the new process, and leave others to judge of their comparative worth. It is likewise stated—"The specified expense for preparing a load of timber (with corrosive sublimate) is one pound." This infers that it is one pound sterling, which is not the fact; but one pound weight of corrosive sublimate is the quantity requisite for one load of timber. As to the trials to be made at Woolwich, perhaps you are not aware, that the famous *fungus pit* in that dock-yard has been filled up some years—i.e. 1833,—after having a cube of oak, prepared by Kyan's process, in it for five years without the slightest effect having taken place on it. The admiralty have been making experiments, since 1828, on timber, canvass, and cordage, prepared by Kyan's process, without any one instance of failure in those substances prepared by the solution of corrosive sublimate; and these experiments are still going on in Portsmouth dock-yard, as well as in various vessels in her Majesty's service, for the full conviction and satisfaction of the lords of the admiralty. It is not my intention to comment, in any way, on the new process; the public, and those in particular to whom the preservation of timber, canvass, and cordage, is of importance, will judge for themselves, either by their own experience, or by the unbiased testimony of competent authorities, which process is the most efficacious and economical. But, sir, I conceive, that in promulgating any new discovery, care should be taken to avoid erroneous statements as to the facts and merits of others of similar character, applied to the same

prepared by Mr. Kyan, and an equal weight by a duplicate piece of the same cord, but unprepared, immediately adjoining it, and placed them in one of the vaults where my observations had previously shewn me that cordage decayed with unusual rapidity. This trial was made with new cord, of the very best quality, sold by Mr. Tull, in Fenchurch Street.

The following are the memoranda kept by me in proof of this experiment:

March 8, 1833.—Fungus became visible on the unprepared cord.

July 4.—The said unprepared specimen broke, and was replaced by another unprepared piece.

Oct. 24.—The second replaced unprepared cord broke.

Feb. 24, 1834.—The third ditto ditto.

July 22.—The fourth ditto ditto.

March 20, 1835.—The fifth ditto ditto, at

which period the prepared piece was tried, and found quite sound, although covered with fungus.

August 27.—The sixth replaced unprepared broke.

Nov. 26.—The seventh ditto ditto.

June 10, 1836.—The eighth ditto ditto, and

at the date hereof (August 24, 1836), which embraces a period of three years and six months, the prepared cord is still sustaining the 4lbs. weight originally suspended to it, and appears as sound as ever.

"Three other trials, of exactly the same kind, were made in different vaults, but which have been consumed by supplying specimens, at various times, to commissioners sitting at the admiralty, and to other persons.

"Canvass.—And with regard to my experience with canvass, on the 20th of March, 1833, I placed some prepared and unprepared pieces from the same bolt in the above-said damp vault. The unprepared specimen has long since become quite unsound and rotten, while that which was prepared remains, at the present time, sound and firm in its texture.

"Considering such tests as these to have proved, incontrovertibly, to all who have witnessed them, the great value and advantage of Mr. Kyan's process, I am convinced it will be well worth my while henceforward to make use of the preparation.

W. P. RICHARDSON.

"Sir,—On my late voyage to Madras, in the ship Claudio, I was induced to send as much canvas to be prepared as would make an awning; in doing which I put in two cloths of the same canvass unprepared, and am happy to state that, after a very short trial, the superiority of that which had undergone the process was quite manifest; and, in about a month after it was made, it was obliged to be kept rolled up, for about thirty-six hours, in Madras roads; when again spread, the prepared canvas was uninjured, the unprepared quite black.

"The above awning is now lying at Messrs. Gilmore and Co.'s, sailmakers, Limehouse, and is left out for the inspection of any one wishing to see it.

I am, sir, &c. CHARLES KEMP,  
Commander of ship Claudio.  
Jerusalem Coffee-house, Nov. 8, 1837."

object; and I feel assured, that from your well-known impartiality on all subjects of science and literature, that these few observations will have immediate insertion in your valuable journal.

I am, &c.

CHARLES TERRY.

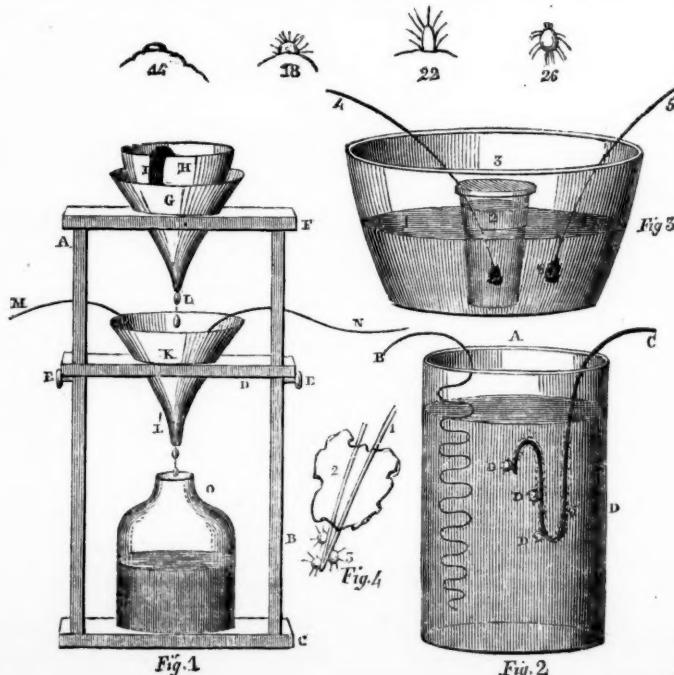
ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, 20th January.—The following paper and extracts of a letter from Mr. Crose were read. By the kindness of the Society, we are enabled to lay them before our readers in the most complete form, though they are, we understand, in the course of printing, to form part of the Transactions of the Society. Having been the first public channel through which Mr. Crose's experiments were made known (in our Report of Transactions of the British Association at Bristol), and having also published the various opinions hostile to the accuracy of that gentleman's conclusions, we have the greater pleasure now, in giving a full account of his later experiments and opinions.

"My dear sir,—I trust that the gentlemen who compose the Electrical Society will not imagine, because I have so long delayed answering their request, to furnish the Society through you, as its organ, with a full account of my electrical experiments, in which a certain insect made its unexpected appearance, that such delay has been occasioned by any desire of withholding what I have to state from the Society in particular, or the public at large. I am delighted to find that at last, late, though not the less called for, a body of scientific gentlemen have linked themselves together for the sake of exploring and making public those mysteries, which hitherto, under a variety of names, and ascribed to all causes but the true one, have eluded the grasp of men of research, and served to perplex, perhaps, rather than to afford sufficient data to theorise upon. It is true that much has been done in the course of a few years, and that which has been done only affords the strongest reason for believing that vastly more remains to be done. It would be presumptuous in me to enumerate the services of a Davy, a Faraday, and many other great men at home; or a Volta and an Ampere, with a host of others abroad. These distinguished men have laid the foundations on which their successors ought to endeavour to erect a building worthy of the scale in which it has been commenced. Electricity is no longer the paltry confined science which it was once fancied to be, making its appearance only from the friction of glass or wax, employed in childish purposes, serving as a trick for the schoolboy, or a nostrum for the quack. But it is, even now, though in its infancy, proved to be most intimately connected with all operations in chemistry, with magnetism, with light and calorific; apparently a property belonging to all matter, perhaps ranging through all space, from sun to sun, from planet to planet, and not improbably the secondary cause of every change in the animal, mineral, vegetable, and gaseous systems. It is to determine whether this be, or not, the case, as far as human faculties can determine, to ascertain what rank in the tree of science electricity is to hold; to endeavour to find out to what useful purposes it might be applied, that I conceive is the object of your Society, and I shall at all times be ready and willing, as a member, to contribute my quota of information to its support, knowing well, that however little it might be, it will be as kindly received as it is humbly offered. It is most unpleasing to my feelings to glance at myself as an individual, but I have met with so much virulence and abuse, so much calumny and misrepresentation, in consequence of the experiments which I am about to detail, and which it seems in this nineteenth century a crime to have made, that I must state, not for

the sake of myself (for I utterly scorn all such misrepresentations), but for the sake of truth and the science which I follow, that I am neither an "Atheist," nor a Materialist, nor a "self-imagined creator," but a humble and lowly reverencer of that Great Being, whose laws my accusers seem wholly to have lost sight of. More than this, it is my conviction, that science is only valuable as a means to a greater end. I can assure you, sir, that I attach no particular value to any experiment that I have made, and that my feelings and habits are much more of a retiring than an obtruding character; and I care not if what I have done be entirely overthrown, if truth be elicited. The following is a plain and correct account of the experiments alluded to. In the course of my endeavours to form artificial minerals by a long-continued electric action on fluids holding in solution such substances as were necessary to my purpose, I had recourse to every variety of contrivance which I could think of, so that, on the one hand, I might be enabled to keep up a never-failing electrical current of greater or less intensity, or quantity, or both, as the case seemed to require; and on the other hand, that the solutions made use of should be exposed to the electric action in the manner best calculated to effect the object in view. Amongst other contrivances, I constructed a wooden frame (fig. 1, A.) of about two feet in height, consisting of four legs (N.), proceeding from a shelf (C.) at the bottom supporting another at the top (F.), and containing a third in the middle (D.). Each of these shelves was about seven inches square. The upper one was pierced with an aperture, in which was fixed a funnel of Wedgwood ware, within which rested a quart basin (H.) on a circular piece of mahogany placed within the funnel. When this basin was filled with a fluid, a strip of flannel (I.) wetted with the same, was suspended over the

edge of the basin and inside the funnel (G.) which, acting as a syphon, conveyed the fluid out of the basin, through the funnel, in successive drops (L.). The middle shelf of the frame was likewise pierced with an aperture, in which was fixed a smaller funnel of glass (K.), which supported a piece of somewhat porous red oxide of iron from Vesuvius, immediately under the dropping of the upper funnel. This stone was kept constantly electrified by means of two platinum wires on either side of it, connected with the poles of Voltaic battery of nineteen pairs of five-inch zinc and copper single plates, in two porcelain troughs, the cells of which were filled at first with water and  $\frac{1}{3}$  of hydrochloric acid, but afterwards with water alone. I may even state, that in all my subsequent experiments relative to these insects, I filled the wells of the batteries employed with nothing but common water. The lower shelf merely supported a wide-mouthed bottle, to receive the drops as they fell from the second funnel. When the basin was nearly emptied, the fluid was poured back again from the bottle below into the basin above, without disturbing the position of the latter. It was by mere chance that I selected this volcanic substance, choosing it from its partial porosity; nor do I believe that it had the slightest effect in the production of the insects to be described. The fluid with which I filled the basin was made as follows. I reduced a piece of black flint to powder, having first exposed it to a red heat and quenched it in water to make it friable. Of this powder I took two ounces, and mixed them intensely with six ounces of carbonate of potassa, exposed them to a strong heat for fifteen minutes in a black lead crucible in an air furnace, and then poured the fused compound on an iron plate, reduced it to powder whilst still warm, poured boiling water on it, and kept it boiling for some minutes in a sand bath. The greater part of



the soluble glass thus fused, was taken up by the water, together with a portion of alumina, from the crucible. I should have used one of silver, but had none sufficiently large. To a portion of the silicate of potassa thus fused, I added some boiling water to dilute it, and then slowly added hydrochloric acid to supersaturation. A strange remark was made on this part of the experiment at the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, it being then gravely stated, that it was impossible to add an acid to a silicate of potassa without precipitating the silica! This, of course, must be the case unless the solution be diluted with water. My object in subjecting this fluid to a long-continued electric action through the intervention of a porous stone, was to form, if possible, crystals of silica at one of the poles of the battery, but I failed in accomplishing this by those means. On the fourteenth\* day from the commencement of the experiment, I observed, through a lens, a few small whitish excrescences or nipples projecting from about the middle of the electrified stone, and nearly under the dropping of the fluid above. On the eighteenth\* day these projections enlarged, and seven or eight filaments, each of them longer than the excrescence from which it grew, made their appearance on each of the nipples. On the twenty-second\* day these appearances were more elevated and distinct, and on the twenty-sixth\* day each figure assumed the form of a perfect insect standing erect on a few bristles which formed its tail. Till this period I had no notion that these appearances were any other than an incipient internal formation; but it was not until the twenty-eighth day, when I plainly perceived these little creatures move their legs, that I felt any surprise, and I must own that, when this took place, I was not a little astonished. I endeavoured to detach with the point of a needle, one or two of them from its position on the stone, but they immediately died, and I was obliged to wait patiently for a few days longer, when they separated themselves from the stone, and moved about at pleasure, although they had been for some time after their birth apparently averse to motion. In the course of a few weeks about a hundred of them made their appearance on the stone. I observed that at first each of them fixed itself for a considerable time in one spot, appearing, as far as I could judge, to live by suction; but when a ray of light from the sun was directed upon it, it seemed disturbed, and removed itself to the shaded part of the stone. Out of about a hundred insects, not above five or six were born on the south side of the stone; I examined some of them with the microscope, and observed that the smaller ones appeared to have only six legs, but the larger ones eight. It would be superfluous to attempt a description of these little mites, when so excellent an one has been transmitted from Paris. It seems that they are of the genus *Acarus*, but of a species not hitherto observed. I have had three separate formations of similar insects at different times, from fresh portions of the same fluid, with the same apparatus. As I consider the result of this experiment rather extraordinary, I made some of my friends acquainted with it, amongst whom were some highly scientific gentlemen, and they plainly perceived the insect in various states. I likewise transmitted some of them to one of our most distinguished physiologists in London; and the opinion of this gentleman, as well as of other eminent persons to whom he shewed them, coincided with that of the gentlemen of

the Académie des Sciences, as to their genus and species. *I have never ventured an opinion as to the cause of their birth*, and for a very good reason—I was unable to form one. The most simple solution of the problem which occurred to me, was, that they arose from ova deposited by insects floating in the atmosphere, and that they might possibly be hatched by the electric action. Still I could not imagine that an ovum could shoot out filaments, and that those filaments would become bristles; and, moreover, I could not detect, on the closest examination, any remains of a shell. Again, we have no right to assume that electric action is necessary to vitality, until that fact shall have been most distinctly proved. I next imagined, as others have done, that they might have originated from the water, and, consequently, made a close examination of several hundred vessels filled with the same water as that which held in solution the silicate of potassa, in the same room, which vessels constituted the bulk of a large Voltaic battery, and without acid. In none of these vessels could I perceive the trace of an insect of that description. I likewise examined the crevices and most dusty parts of the door with no better success. In the course of some months, indeed, these insects so increased, that, when they were strong enough to leave their moistened birthplace, they issued out in different directions, I suppose in quest of food; but they generally huddled together under a card or piece of paper in their neighbourhood, as if to avoid light and disturbance. In the course of my experiments upon other matters, I filled a glass basin with a concentrated solution of silicate of potassa without acid, in the middle of which I placed a piece of brick used in this neighbourhood for domestic purposes, and consisting mostly of silica. Two wires of platina connected either end of the brick with the poles of a Voltaic battery of sixty-three pairs of plates, each about two inches square. After many months' action, silica in a gelatinous state formed in some quantity round the bottom of the brick; and, as the solution evaporated, I replaced it by fresh additions, so that the outside of the glass basin, being constantly wet by repeated overflows, was, of course, constantly electrified. On this outside, as well as on the edge of the fluid within, I one day perceived the well-known whitish excrescence, with its projecting filaments. In the course of time they increased in number, and, as they successively burst into life, the whole table on which the apparatus stood, at last was covered with similar insects, which hid themselves wherever they could find a shelter. Some of them were of different sizes, there being a considerable difference in this respect between the larger and smaller; and they were plainly perceptible to the naked eye, as they nimbly crawled from one spot to another. I closely examined the table with a lens, but could perceive no such excrescence as that which marks their incipient state, on any part of it. While these effects were taking place in my electrical room, similar formations were making their appearance in another room distant from the former. I had here placed on a table, three Voltaic batteries unconnected with each other. The first consisted of twenty pairs of two-inch plates, between the poles of which I placed a glass cylinder filled with a concentrated solution of silicate of potassa, in which was suspended a piece of clay slate by two platina wires connected with either pole of the battery. A piece of paper was placed on the top of the cylinder to keep out the dust. After many months' action, gelatinous silica in vari-

ous forms was electrically attracted to the slate, which it coated in rather a singular manner, unnecessary here to describe. In the course of time I observed similar insects in their incipient state forming around the edge of the fluid within the jar, which, when perfect, crawled about the inner surface of the paper with great activity. The second battery consisted of twenty pairs of cylinders, each equal to a four-inch plate. Between the poles of this I interposed a series of seven glass cylinders filled with the following concentrated solutions:—1. Nitrate of copper : 2. Subcarbonate of potassa : 3. Sulphate of copper : 4. Green sulphate of iron : 5. Sulphate of zinc : 6. Water acidified with a minute portion of hydrochloric acid : 7. Water poured on powdered metallic arsenic, resting on a copper cup, connected with the positive pole of the battery. All these cylinders were electrically united together by arcs of sheet copper, so that the same electric current passed through the whole of them. After many months' action, and consequent formation of certain crystallised matters, which it is not my object here to notice, I observed similar excrescences with those before described at the edge of the fluid in every one of the cylinders, excepting the two which contained the carbonate of potassa, and the metallic arsenic; and in due time a host of insects made their appearance. It was curious to observe the crystallised nitrate and sulphate of copper, which formed by slow evaporation at the edge of their respective solutions, dotted here and there with these hairy excrescences. At the foot of each of the cylinders I had placed a paper ticket upon the table, and on lifting them up I found a little colony of insects under each, but no appearance whatever of their having been born under their respective papers, or on any part of the table. The third battery consisted of twenty pairs of cylinders, each equal to a three-inch plate. Between the poles of this I interposed likewise a series of six glass cylinders (fig. 2, A.), filled with various solutions, in only one of which I obtained the insect. This contained a concentrated solution of silicate of potassa. A bent iron wire (c.), one-fifth of an inch in diameter, in the form of an inverted siphon, was plunged some inches into this solution, and connected with it the positive pole, whilst a small coil of fine silver wire (b.) joined it with the negative. After some months' electrical action, gelatinous silica enveloped both wires, but in much greater quantity at the positive pole; and in about eight months from the commencement of the experiment, on examining these two wires very minutely, by means of a lens, having removed them from the solution for that purpose, I plainly perceived one of these incipient insects upon the gelatinous silica on the silver wire, and about half an inch below the surface of the fluid, when replaced in its original position. In the course of time, more insects made their appearance, till, at last, I counted at once three on the negative and twelve on the positive wire. Some of them were formed upon the naked part of the wires, that is, on that part which was partially bare of gelatinous silica; but they were mostly imbedded more or less in the silica, with eight or ten filaments projecting from each beyond the silica. It was perfectly impossible to mistake them, after having made oneself master of their different appearances; and an occasional motion in the filaments of those that had been the longest formed was very perceptible, and observed by many of my visitors, without my having previously noticed the fact to them. Most of these productions took place from hal-

\* At the top of the sketch, and marked 14, 18, 22, 26.

to three-quarters of an inch under the surface of the fluid, which, as it evaporated very slowly, I kept to the same level by adding fresh portions. As some of these insects (D. D. fig. 2) were formed on the inverted part of the syphon-shaped wire, I cannot imagine how they contrived to arrive at the surface, and to extricate themselves from the fluid : yet this they did repeatedly ; their old places were vacated, and others were born in new ones. Whether they were in an imperfect state (except just at the commencement of their formation), or in a perfect one, they had all the distinguishing characteristics of bristles projecting from their bodies, which occasioned the French savans to remark that they resembled microscopic porcupines. I must not omit to state, that the room in which these three batteries were acting was kept almost constantly darkened. It was not my intention to make known these observations until I myself should be better informed about the matter. Chance led to the publication of an erroneous account of them, which I was under the necessity of explaining. It is so difficult to arrive at the truth, that mankind would do better to lend their assistance to explore what may be worth investigating, than to endeavour to crush in its bud that which might otherwise expand into a flower. In giving this account, I have merely stated those circumstances regarding the appearance of insects, which I have noticed during my investigations into the formation of mineral matters ; I have never studied physiology, and am not aware under what circumstances the birth of this class of insects is usually developed. In my first experiment I had made use of flannel, wood, and a volcanic stone : in the last, none of these substances were present. I never, for a moment, entertained the idea that the electric fluid had animated the organic remains of insects, or fossil eggs, previously existing in the stone or the silica ; and have formed no visionary theory which I would travel out of my way to support. I have since repeated these latter experiments in a third room, in which there are now two batteries at work. One consisting of eleven pairs of cylinders, made of four-inch plates, between the poles of which is placed a glass cylinder, filled with silicate of potassa, in which is suspended a piece of slate between two wires of platinum, as before, and covered loosely with paper. Here, again, is another crop of insects formed. The other battery consists of twenty pairs of cylinders, the electric current of which is passed through six different solutions in glass cylinders, in three of which only is the insect formed, viz., 1st, in nitrate of copper ; 2dly, in sulphate of copper, in each of which the insect is only produced at the edge of the fluid, as far as I can make out ; and 3dly, by the old apparatus of coiled silver and iron wire in silicate of potassa, as before. There are now forming on the bottom of thin positively electrified wire similar insects, at the distance of fully two inches below the surface of the fluid. On examining them, I have lately noticed a peculiar quality they possess whilst in an incipient state. After being kept some minutes out of the solution, they contract their filaments, so as, in some cases, wholly, and in others partially, to disappear : I at first thought they were destroyed ; but, on examining the same spots, on the next day, they were as perceptible as before. In this respect, they seem not unlike the zoophytes, which adhere to the rocks on the sea-shore, and which contract on the approach of a finger. I may likewise remark, that I have not been able to

detect their eyes, even when viewed under a powerful microscope, although I once fancied I perceived them. The extreme heat of summer and cold of winter do not appear favourable to their production, which succeeds best, I think, in spring and autumn. As, in the above account, I have occasionally made use of the word "formation," I beg that it may be understood that I do not mean *creation*, or anything approaching to it. I am not aware that I have any thing more to add, except the few remarks I shall conclude with. 1st. I have not observed a formation of the insect, except on a moist and electrified surface, or under an electrified fluid. By this I do not mean to assert that electricity has any thing to do with their birth, as I have not made a sufficient number of experiments to prove or disprove it ; and, besides, I have not taken those necessary precautions which present themselves even to an unscientific view. These precautions are not so easy to observe as may at first sight appear. It is, however, my intention to repeat these experiments, by passing a stream of electricity through cylinders filled with various fluids under a glass receiver, inverted over mercury, the greatest possible care being taken to shut out extraneous matter. Should there be those who blame me for not having done this before, to such I answer, that, independent of a host of other hindrances, which it is not in my power to set aside, I have been closely pursuing a long train of experiments on the formation of crystalline matters by the electric agent, and on different modifications of the Voltaic battery ; in which I am so interested, that none but the ardent can conceive what is not in my power to describe. 2dly. These insects do not appear to have originated from others similar to themselves, as they are formed, in all cases, with access of moisture, and, in some cases, two inches below the surface of the fluid in which they are born ; and if a full-grown and perfect insect be let fall into any fluid, it is infallibly drowned. 3dly. I believe they live for many weeks ; occasionally, I have found them dead in groups, apparently from want of food. 4thly. It has been frequently suggested to me to repeat these experiments without using the electric agency ; but this would be by no means satisfactory, let the event be what it would. It is well known that saline matters are easily crystallised, without subjecting them to the electric action ; but it by no means follows that, because artificial electricity is not applied, such crystals are formed without the electric influence. I have made so many experiments on electrical crystallisation, that I am firmly convinced, in my own mind, that electric attraction is the cause of the formation of every crystal, whether artificial electricity be applied or not. I am, however, well aware of the difficulty of getting at the truth in these matters, and of separating cause from effect. It has often occurred to me, how is it that such numbers of animalcules are produced in flour and water, in pepper and water ; also, the insects which infest fruit-trees after blight ? Does not a chemical change take place in the water, and likewise in the sap of the tree, previous to the appearance of these insects ? and is, or is not, every chemical change produced by electric agency ? In making these observations, I seek to mislead no one. The book of nature is opened wide to our view by the Almighty power, and we must endeavour, as far as our feeble faculties will permit, to make a good use of it ; always remembering, that, however the timid may shrink from investi-

gation, the more completely the secrets of nature are laid bare, the more effectually will the power of that Great Being be manifested, who seems to have ordained, that

"Order is Heaven's first law."

I am, &c. ANDREW CROSSE.  
Broomfield, Dec. 27th, 1837.

Read, also, extracts from Mr. Crosse's letter, dated Broomfield, near Taunton, 12th Jan. 1838.—"Since writing the former account, I have obtained the insects on a bare platinum wire, plunged into fluo-silicic acid, one inch below the surface of the fluid, at the negative pole of a small battery of two-inch plates, in cells filled with water. This is a somewhat singular fluid for these insects to breed in, who seem to have a flinty taste, although they are by no means confined to silicious fluids. This fluo-silicic acid was procured from London some time since, and, consequently, made of London water ; so that the idea of their being natives of the Broomfield water is quite set aside by this result. The apparatus was arranged as follows (reference to fig. 3 of the Illustrations). Fig. 1. A glass basin (a pint one), partly filled with fluo-silicic acid to the level 1. Fig. 2. A small porous jar, made of the same material as a garden, partly filled with the same acid to level 2, with an earthen cover, fig. 3, placed upon it, to keep out the light and dust. Fig. 4. A platinum wire, connected with the positive pole of the battery, with the other end plunged into the acid in the pan, and twisted round a piece of common quartz ; on which quartz, after many months' action, are forming singularly beautiful and perfectly formed crystals, of a transparent substance, not yet analysed, as they are still growing. These crystals are of the modification of the cube, and are of twelve or fourteen sides. The platinum wire passes under the cover of the pan. Fig. 5. A platinum wire, connected with the negative pole of the same battery, with the other end dipping into the basin, an inch or two below the fluid, and, as well as the other, twisted round a piece of quartz. By this arrangement it is evident that the electric fluid enters the porous pan by the wire 4, percolates the pan, and passes out by the wire 5. It is now upwards of six or eight months (I cannot at this moment put my hand on the memorandum of the date) since this apparatus has been in action : and, though I have occasionally lifted out the wires to examine them by a lens, yet it was not until the other day that I perceived any insect ; and there are now three of the same insects, in their incipient state, appearing on the naked platinum wire at the bottom of the quartz, in the glass basin at the negative pole (fig. 6). These insects are very perceptible, and may be represented thus, magnified (fig. 4) :—1. The platinum wire ; 2. The quartz ; 3. The incipient insects. It should be observed, that the glass basin (fig. 1) has been always loosely covered with paper. This frosty weather is unfavourable to these experiments."

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.  
JANUARY 22. Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—Nine new members were elected, and numerous donations were announced ; among others, a recent map of Ceylon. Specimens of the spears, war-clubs, assegais, and dresses of the Damaras, and sketches of scenery in South Africa, were laid upon the table. Read, a note upon *Victoria regia* by Professor Lindley, which we defer. 2. Report of an Expedition into the countries of the Great Namáquas, Boshmans, and Hill Damaras, in South Africa, by Captain J. E.

Alexander, 42d Royal Highlanders. The various abstracts we have given from time to time of the proceedings of the Geographical Society (see *Lit. Gaz.* May and Nov. Nos. of last year), will have put our readers in possession of an outline of this expedition, which, it may be recollect, left the Cape on Sept. 10, 1836, and, proceeding northward by Clan William and the Lily Fountain, crossed the Gariep or Orange River, on the 25th November, and halted on the banks of the Hoom River, at a missionary station called Nabees, or, the warm bath. Captain Alexander describes the appearance of the country at first leaving the Cape, as exceedingly beautiful: "for profusion of the flowers only known in conservatories in England, were at that season in bloom; far from any thing wild or barren, the landscape presented a verdant carpet, variegated with gay colours, and in the distance, and on the right, were the snow-covered peaks of the primitive range of Drakenstein, averaging 2000 feet above the sea. Around the warm bath, the country presented a striking contrast; a plain of great extent, interspersed with black conical hills, rising from 200 to 300 feet, where occasionally may be seen lions, zebras, spring-boks, ostriches, &c. The tribe of Great Namáquas residing here," continues Captain Alexander, "live in fifty circular huts; both men and women are taller than those seen to the south of the Orange River, but they have the same high cheek-bones, small eyes and noses, and yellow Malay complexions. Proceeding to the northward, we passed along the western foot of the Umguma mountains, entered the Dámaras land, and crossed the great plains of Kei-kaap, to the pass called Kupumnaas, or Bull's Mouth, through a range of mountains about 2000 feet high; and, after suffering dreadfully from both hunger and thirst, we crossed the tropic, and reached the sea at Walvisch Bay, on the west coast, in lat 22° 50' south, on the 19th April, 1837, seven months from our departure from Cape Town, and being the first Europeans who had ever accomplished this journey by land. After staying here a fortnight, and ineffectually attempting to get to the northward, we left on the 3d of May, and directed our course to the eastward, along the banks of the Kooisip. Here we found a new species of fruit, called *Naras*, about the size of a shaddock, covered with prickles; the pulp and seeds inside resembling a melon, and upon this we subsisted: it grows upon a thorny bush, about four feet high, without any leaves. We reached the Humaris, or rolling river, on the 12th May: this is another tributary to the Kooisip; and to the eastward there extends a range of mountains, called Tomas, or of the Wilderness. Here the rhinoceros was in abundance, and we ate the flesh; and also that of the zebra; but both are rank and disagreeable. Locusts were occasionally our food, roasted, and then pounded between stones. We crossed the offsets of the great mountain of Tans, or the screen, in journeying to the eastward, and reached an elevated table-land, in the rocky recesses of which dwelt many families of the Hill Dámaras. Further to the east we found excellent plains of grass and trees; and here we first saw the brindled gnus, which the Boschman captured, disguised as an ostrich: we also saw the rhinoceros, both black and white. On the 24th of May we arrived at the village of Nees, built of mat houses, and containing about 1200 Namáquas and Hill Dámaras: it is seated in a fertile plain on the banks of the Kei-Kurip. Our wants were abundantly supplied; and the natives amused us with their dances as a

welcome. The Dámaras nation consists of two great tribes — the Dámaras of the plains, who are rich in cattle, and inhabit to the north and east of the Swakop river, and the Dámaras of the Hills, who extend from the Kooisip for a considerable distance to the south and east: both tribes are negroes, have black skins, woolly hair, small flat noses, and thickish lips. The former speak a language peculiar to themselves, and of which I obtained a small vocabulary; the latter use the clicking Namáqua language. From Nees we tried in vain to get either to the north or east; no guides would venture with us to the north, for the Dámaras of the plains were ready for war; and to the east, they said, was an impassable desert, which no native even had ever crossed. Thus I was obliged to turn my face to the south; and on the 31st May, in company with the chief and many of his people, we set out homewards. At 40 miles we came to a beautiful vale, with a fine view of mountains in the south, and passed through a forest of trees. The grass in this valley stood like corn; and guinea-fowl and pheasants were numerous. This valley, being well watered, and game abundant, would be an excellent situation for an advanced missionary post. The people are anxious for missionaries — the women in particular entreated, "Send us teachers for us and for our children." These appeals ought, surely, to be speedily answered. As we travelled south, we saw many giraffes, generally in herds of a dozen, with two videsettes, overlooking from an eminence the bushes on the plain. We preferred the flesh of the giraffe to any other we had tasted, and we had eaten all animal food, from a lion to a locust. We recrossed the Great Fish river on the 10th of June, and descended to the plain of Koangnip. After passing Bethany, we exchanged the country of lions for that of leopards, and by a hot unpleasant valley, full of scorpions, we reached and crossed the Orange river, at the ford of Kúna-rúsp, within thirty miles of the sea. On the 1st of August, we quitted the banks of the Gariep, and gladly crossing the Kowsie, entered the colony: we stayed a short time with the hospitable and excellent Mr. Schmeling, and, proceeding on by the beautiful district of the twenty-four rivers, reached Cape Town on the 21st September, just one year and eleven days from our departure; and feeling truly grateful for the merciful preservation of myself and people, during a journey of nearly 4000 miles, and during which they had all contentedly and cheerfully undergone no common share of fatigue and privation." Some very rare and valuable objects of natural history were collected during this expedition; we may mention the *Graphyurus capensis* of Cuvier, and several new species of *Chrysocloris cynicistis*, and *Bathyergus*, not yet described; one species of *Canis*; and one of *Herpestes* seem to be entirely new; also others not to be found in our metropolitan collections. Among the raptorial birds, is a beautiful eagle, which appears to be new, two very small falcons, and two owls; among the insessorial is a very rare *Tauraco*, described by Dr. Smith; several species of an apparently new *Agapornis*, or small parrot; the *Rhinopomastus Smithii*, and the *Coracias*, which the natives say, alight on the horn of the rhinoceros, and which is valuable as shewing the southern limit of the range of this beautiful tropical form; among the *Rasores* are some bustards and *Pterocles*, and the *Cursorius bisinctus* of Temminck. We may remark, among the plants, two new species of *Pappophorum*, a very fine *Escoedia*-like spiny shrub,

and a beautiful blue-flowered prickly *Barleria*, which the travellers called their "comfort in the wilderness;" but the curious *Naras* fruit claims the first attention, from its utility as an article of food; some seeds of it already sown in the gardens of the Horticultural Society will, it is hoped, establish its character. The narrative of the journey was illustrated by a map on a large scale, compiled by Mr. John Arrowsmith, from various routes and observations furnished by Captain Alexander, and it exhibited a well-marked track over a large extent of country hitherto trackless on our maps. Captain Alexander also gave a description of the war-clubs, assegais, and the various articles of dress of the Namáquas. He also obligingly permitted his servant, a Dámaras boy, to be present at the meeting. The lad is about fourteen years old, with an intelligent good-tempered countenance, stout made, short woolly hair, flat nose, thick lips, and apparently would decide the point, even with the most sceptical, that the Dámaras are a race of negroes.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 11th January.—The first day of Lent Term the following degrees were conferred:—  
*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. H. Gough, Taberdar of Queen's College; J. J. Pratt, Rev. C. Rew, Rev. H. Heming, Rev. H. J. F. Coxe, Fellows of St. John's College.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—T. Ward, New Inn Hall; E. W. Rowden, Fellow of New College.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—Several fellows were elected; amongst whom was Mr. Eastlake, the painter. Part of Mr. Daniells' fourth letter to Mr. Faraday, 'On Voltaic Combinations,' was read. The author describes a number of experiments performed by him with Brequet's galvanometer, and a calorific galvanometer, &c. The former he chiefly directed to currents of low tension, for which it is particularly applicable, and found it satisfactory; with the latter, the results of the experiments indicated a conformity with the law of radiant forces. A hemisphere of zinc was also resorted to, and the details respecting it were also given, but they are quite technical in their character.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday week, Mr. Amyot in the chair.—The secretary read the address of the president, council, and fellows of the Society, which had been presented to Her Majesty on her accession to the throne, and the answer to the same, in which Her Majesty was graciously pleased to announce the patronage of the Society; also, an address of condolence presented to the Queen Dowager, with a gracious answer thereto.—Captain Smyth, who, in 1828, communicated a notice of some remains of Cyclopean architecture, in the Island of Goza, near Malta, called by the inhabitants, "The Giant's Tower," which was printed, with three views, in the twenty-second volume of the "Archæologia," presented a pamphlet on the same subject, with more accurate views of the ancient ruins, made from measurement, by M. Marmora.—Mr. Willmett presented a coloured engraving of a window put up by him at Hampton Lucy, Warwickshire.—Sir Henry Ellis communicated copies of two papers from the MSS. at the British Museum; one, a letter from Walter Pye, giving an account of the reception of the Palgrave (or Count Palatine) in England, in 1612; the other, a letter from Windsor Sandy to a lord of Charles the Second's court, detailing several particulars relative to the fire of London, and the proceedings of the Duke of

York, who assumed the direction over the district from Fleet Dock to the Temple.

Thursday last. Mr. Hallam in the chair.—The Rev. J. B. Deane communicated a dissertation on, what he considered to be, ancient double cups, found in Ireland. Sir William Betham had considered these antiquities as specimens of the ring money of the ancients; and Mr. Deane admitted that he had brought forward some strong arguments in support of his proposition; still he thought they were double cups, and illustrative of a passage in Herodotus, where, speaking of the Scythians, he says, that, after a battle, those warriors who had slain the most, in the evening drank together from double cups; and he observed that, at the present day, some of the students at the German universities drank together from separate glasses, but with their right arms interlaced, which is considered a bond of friendship through their after lives.—Sir Henry Ellis communicated, with remarks, some extracts from MS. memoranda (preserved in the British Museum), by Mrs. J. S. Banks, on the several orders of knighthood: these extracts were historical notices of the order of the garter.

#### ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

JANUARY 22d.—The president, Sir. Wm. Hamilton, announced that he had received a letter from Colonel York, private secretary to his excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, stating that Her Majesty had been pleased to receive the Address of the Academy most graciously, and had consented to become its Patroness. The president then called for the reading of the first paper on the list for the evening. Sir William Betham stated, that when he requested permission, some months since, to read a paper on 'Etruscan Coins and Inscriptions,' he intended merely to have made a few brief observations on certain cast bronze Etruscan medals, the earliest specimens of metallic coinage, and a few singular inscriptions thereon; but they had led him into so extended an investigation, and to such important results, as induced him to postpone for a future period his remarks upon them, in order to introduce to the academy a translation of an inscription on the 6th and 7th Eugubian tables, which contained matter of great historical importance to the British islands, and were of such immediate interest, as he felt justified, and indeed called for, his immediately laying them before the academy. He stated that these inscriptions are engraved on seven flat plates of bronze, and are preserved in the museum of Gubbio, a small episcopal city in the Papal states, about fourteen leagues north of Spoleto. They were found, in excavating, fixed up in an arched room of a theatre, or temple, near that city, in the year 1444, with two others which were lent to the Venetians, under promise of being returned, but were not sent back. They have, since that time, been the object of great curiosity and interest to the learned, and many attempts to explain them have been made without any satisfactory result. Sir William then adduced several authorities on the subject, and stated, that having in his former papers suggested the Phenician origin of the Etruscans, and also the affinity between the Celtic and the Phenician languages, he had been induced to collate the Etruscan with the Irish Celtic, and was gratified to find himself able to translate the Etruscan inscription by means of that language. He would, on a future occasion, if permitted, read some remarks and comments on these inscriptions, and the Etruscan language gene-

rally; on the present occasion time would only allow him to read a translation of the inscriptions on the sixth table, and on the seventh, which was a continuation of the sixth. As these inscriptions consist, in the original, of one hundred and eighty-two very long lines, and occupied considerably above an hour in reading, we can do no more than give a very imperfect sketch of the contents. Part appears to be a sort of poetical rejoicing on the great benefits navigation had received by the discovery of the *little pointer* (the mariner's compass), by which the ships of the Phenico-Etruscans were enabled to abandon the old system of coasting navigation, and to cross in a certain track from coast to coast; and the sea was, from an untraced wilderness, become "a noble space, a shortened space, a tracked space, and trade's high-way." It also mentioned the great advantages which had resulted to navigation, from ships passing the great mouth of the continent into the ocean in perfect safety: recounts the sailing to the west and north to the three islands, one of which it represents as being most fertile, and abounding in sheep, cattle, and very large black deer, salmon of many kinds; and calls upon the people to join the expedition setting out to settle these newly discovered countries, which were inhabited by a few naked savages, or, to use the language of the inscription, "to farm the lands of the west." At the end of the seventh table there is a date, stating that the inscription was written three hundred years after the great noise and commotion under the earth, or the great earthquake. The islands mentioned are too plainly denominated, to leave any doubt of their being the British islands. Mr. Ferguson then proceeded to read his most interesting and learned paper on the Boomerang; and produced strong evidence from the Greek and Latin authors, to shew that it was an instrument of offensive warfare well known to the ancients. He, however, did not finish the reading of the paper.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JANUARY 20th. Professor Wilson, Director of the Society, in the chair.—The meeting of the Society was made special, for the purpose of taking into consideration certain measures proposed by a finance committee, having for their object the reduction of their expenses, and of amending certain articles of the Society's regulations regarding compositions, and the collection of arrears of subscriptions. After the report of the finance committee had been read, the director observed that the hopes long entertained by the Society, of getting accommodation in some public building, were now entirely at an end; and that other means must be adopted for the object in view. The occupation of a less expensive house had been suggested; and inquiries would be made, in order to ascertain of this were practicable: but there were difficulties in the way of following up the suggestion at the present moment. One of the chief causes of the increased expense, was the salary which had been granted to the secretary; and it had been very liberally suggested by Captain Harkness, that the salary should be discontinued. By this arrangement, which was acceded to by the council, the Society's affairs would receive no detriment, as that gentleman was perfectly ready to continue his valuable services without remuneration. The announcement of Captain Harkness's offer was received by the meeting with much approbation. The director further observed, that there could be no doubt that the accomplishment of this

measure, accompanied by some other economical arrangements, would enable the Society in future to enjoy a greater prosperity than had ever before attended it. The alterations in the regulations of the Society were then laid before the meeting, and unanimously agreed to; after which the ordinary business of the Society was proceeded with. A letter from B. H. Hodgson, Esq. at Nepal, was read; in which that gentleman stated that he had, after ten years' trouble, ascertained the *Gauri Gau* of the Saul forest, at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, to be an esculent form connecting the bos and bison; it was distinguished by the enormous size of the cranium, by the huge frontal crest rising above the horns, by the great development of the spinous processes, and by the number of its ribs. Mr. Hodgson proposed to call this animal *Bibos*, as a generic name, with the addition of the specific term, *sub hemachalus*, from its habitat under the Himalaya mountains. These animals are found only in the deepest recesses of the Saul forest, where they roam in herds of ten to thirty or forty; and, although harmless when unmolested, they are roused, by aggression, to a fury which is irresistible. Mr. Hodgson stated, that this letter was merely written, *ad interim*, and that he was at present engaged in the examination of the animal. The letter concluded with the statement of the writer's opinion, that the *Urus* of classic authors was no other than an animal of the order which he had just described.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Medical, 8 p.m.  
Tuesday.—Institute of Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.  
Wednesday.—Geological, 8 p.m.  
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8 p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; Zoological, 3 p.m.  
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Botanical, 8 p.m.; Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 p.m.; Harveyian, 8 p.m.; Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.; Electrical, 7 p.m.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Dutton Viaduct on the Grand Junction Railway, over the Valley of the Weaver.* Painted by T. Creswick; engraved by W. Radclyffe. Birmingham, Wrightson and Webb.

It is difficult to conceive a more formal object than a long succession of arches, of the same shape and dimensions, constructed simply for a purpose of utility. Yet to this object the magic of Mr. Creswick's pencil, aided by some interesting scenery, and the introduction of several highly picturesque adjuncts, has communicated a charm which renders the whole perfectly fascinating. We should do Mr. Radclyffe great injustice, however, if we were not to add, that a material portion of the beauty of the plate must be attributed to the admirable manner in which he has engraved it.

*The History and Description, with Graphic Illustrations, of Cassiobury Park, Hertfordshire, the Seat of the Earl of Essex.* By John Britton, F.S.A., &c. Folio, pp. 32.

"NEARLY forty years have elapsed," observes Mr. Britton, "since the author of this work first met the Earl of Essex, at Hampton Court, in Hertfordshire, when the fascinating pencil of Turner was employed in delineating some of the picturesque features of that fine old castellated mansion, with its grand forest accompaniments. The same marvellous artist has since made several exquisite drawings of the house and grounds at Cassiobury, of which

Alexander, Hearne, Edridge, and Pugin, have also delineated many features; engravings from some of these form part of the present volume."

The illustrations are thirty-three in number, many of them of a large size, beautifully engraved in aquatinta, and liberally presented to Mr. Britton by the Earl of Essex. The wood vignettes are admirable representations of the

Swiss and other picturesque cottages, with which the grounds and the neighbourhood are ornamented.\* Besides a description of the house, the park, the cottages, &c., the volume contains genealogical and biographical notices of the Morrison and Capel families. Mr. Brit-

\* We have the pleasure to exhibit a specimen of one of them.

ton describes the work as having been a matter of amusement and relaxation, rather than as a task of labour, undertaken after many years' devotion to the class of literature to which it belongs. It is an elegant volume; and an additional, although a melancholy, interest is thrown over it by the recent death of the noble and amiable mistress of the mansion.



#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### MUSINGS ON CHANGE !

" Philosophers declare 'tis best,  
To meet calamity with jest."

TIME's dreary wing

Will often bring

Events beyond a joke;

Yet who, unmoved by mirth, can see  
The kings of England smoke ?

Oh ! what a *Change* !

'Tis passing strange,

Great monarchs lying low !

Save Charles's statue, standing still,  
Secure "*in statu quo* !"

The good, and great,

Have bowed to Fate,

Who little heeds such scenes :

Who can withstand the mighty hand,  
That throws down kings and queens ?

Bluff Hal I see,

And Georges three,

As o'er their trunks I tread ;

That is an arm of royal Anne's,

This lump must be a *Ned* !\*

The regal race

I plainly trace,

Confused in deep distress ;

I trust that rake, King Charles, won't take  
Advantage of Queen Bess !

Or he may find

Some king inclined

Her champion to be reckoned,

Who 'll call him out as *principal*,  
Although he 's Charles the *Second*.

\* Can this be an allusion to King Edward

May civic sway  
Contrive the way

To raise a noble range  
Of buildings, to improve the *site*,  
And all will hail the *Change* !

JOYCE JOCUND.

#### MUSIC.

##### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

The first and second concerts have taken place, and given much satisfaction. In the first, some of the music from *Amilie* was sweetly executed. Two more concerts are announced for the 5th and 19th of February. We have no doubt they will be well attended. The object of the Institution is noble, and ought to be patronised.

#### DRAMA.

*Covent Garden*.—On Thursday, *Lear* was produced with the same degree of attention and splendour as *Macbeth*. It is now indeed Shakespeare's play—and a splendid one it is. Macready's *Lear* is very beautiful and subdued; nothing can be more touching than many of the passages. But we have no time now for comment. The introduction of the *Fool*, admirably played by Miss P. Horton, is a mighty improvement;—Elton we think rather loud in *Edgar*, which appeared the more as contrasted with Macready's style. *Edmund* was well done by Anderson, and Bartley's *Kent* was excellent. Other parts were embodied by Bennett—*Cordelia*, sweetly by H. Faust, who fell into the extreme of speaking too low; *Regan* and *Goneril*, Mrs. Warner and Mrs. W. Clifford,—*Serle*, Howe (who did his slight morsel very

effectively), and others—the cast being very strong in every part.

*Adelphi*.—Number Two of the *Black Domino* has been produced, and played during the last week here. The piece is lively and pleasant, and owing to the *naïve* and natural acting of Mrs. Yates, has been quite successful; her sweet, joyous laugh will be remembered long after the *Black Domino* is laid by. O. Smith also does much for a very disagreeable character. Yates and Wilkinson, aided by Saville, Miss Shaw, &c. &c. also contribute a fair share of light work to this amusing *moreau*.

*St. James's*.—M. Pilati's musical promenades have been introduced here, in addition to several light dramatic pieces, and with a capital band and the novelty of the entertainment, supply means for passing the evening very agreeably. It is just the resort for parties, and though as yet but an experiment, ought, in our opinion, to ensure success.

*Opera Buffa*.—Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was produced here on Saturday last, and brought nearly the whole strength of the company before the public. Neither trouble nor expense has been spared in getting up the opera. The orchestra is splendid: overtures, accompaniments, &c. &c. are played in a manner not to be surpassed. We will not damn by faint praise the vocalists, but honestly say we do not think this company equal to the performance of the music of this opera: fine voice is required in almost every part. Madame Ecklerin looked and sung (as far as good style and feeling goes) well in the *Countess*; but her voice is certainly any thing but pleasant. Scheroni also acted and looked very prettily;

but voice is wanting here too. Indeed, this remark applies to each and all the performers, except Catone, who can do any thing, but who has little to do in the opera.

On Tuesday, *Betty* was repeated, with one act of *Scaramuccia*; and the evening's amusement seemed to give perfect satisfaction to a fashionable audience. Both pieces were, indeed, very well played. The Queen was present.

#### VARIETIES.

##### WEATHER WISDOM !!

THAT credulity is natural to man is indisputable; that the wisest have a strong bias that way is as clear as the sun at noon. The almanack of Francis Moore, physician, after enjoying a singular reputation for several generations, was fairly preached and satirised out of existence by the Useful Knowledge folks, who wanted to sell an almanack of their own, to which they have since added a profitable tail of sundry others. But the wants of the people were not to be supplied in this way: there was a craving, thirst and longing after knowledge of a superior kind—i. e. foreknowledge, which, when obtainable, is a hundredfold more useful than after-knowledge. It was melancholy to witness the effects produced. Nobody knew what to do, what to be about. Farmers could not tell when to sow or mow hay; travellers when to journey; females how to buy dress; gentlemen whether to remain in town or go a-hunting; sailors how to steer, stay in dock, or put to sea; contractors whether to water the streets and roads, or let them alone; incendiaries the most likely time to raise fires; and, in short, all classes were in a sort of darkling stupification and guideless disorganisation.

In this deplorable state there arose several Prophets, who undertook to predict with far more precision than ever Dr. Moore pretended to do, with his "about this time," and "day before or day after" (though it is true they confined themselves to the weather, and did not shew us the shadows of coming mundane events); and we, the *Literary Gazette*, struck with their marvellous cunning in the art and mystery, hastened to lend them our publicity in aid of so worthy a cause. Nearly fifteen months have we weekly laboured to communicate their superhuman intelligences to our readers, that is to say, the world; and now we have the happiness to see that the mighty engine, the press, is generally following our example, and doing its duty in this important cause. Not only does the *Cheltenham Looker-on* (a clever paper, by the by, and a good model for other fashionable watering-places) copy our predictions of Morrison and Murphy, but it puts them in tabular form, with the actual results, and compares them together, this week deeming one, and next week the other, the superior wisdom. Then the *Standard* quotes the almanacks of these gentlemen; and the *Times* points out the astonishing coincidences of Murphy's prognostications; and, in short, all the newspapers ring with these matters, bets are laid on the prophecies in the sporting circles, and two to one against frost on the fifth, is met by three to one against fog on the fifteenth, and forty to five against fair on any given day in the year, barring St. Swithin's!

This may all be very pleasant, but here we are suffering bitter cold and storm of great severity, agreeably to the predictions of Mons. Arago, who is kind enough to promise us six weeks of it. Then, last Saturday, we had the lowest degree of temperature experienced for many years in England, thermometer at 4°,

just because it pleased Mr. Murphy to display his skill in foretelling it. This was a hit, enough to set up a weather prophet for twenty years; and accordingly, we find the publisher of Murphy's almanack (Whittaker) taking time by the forelock, and on Monday announcing that the new edition (the 17th) could not be issued before 6 o'clock in the evening. Only think of the public being kept in ignorance and suspense all the day, to that late hour.

In former times the famous Herschel, after a long series of observations, thought there might be a connexion between the weather and the changes of the moon; and if so, that it would be fairer for that quarter in proportion as the moon's change took place the more near to midnight, and fouler, the nearer that event was to noon; and he also ascribed considerable influence to the winds. Now, Lieut. Morrison goes to the geocentric planes of the planets, and calculates the weather chiefly on the motions and aspects of the sun, moon, and planets. Thus, this very day he tells us, "Jupiter is found in 17° 52' of the sign Virgo, the 6th sign of the Zodiac, and Venus is in 17° 51' of the sign Pisces, the 12th sign; they are, therefore, six signs, or 180° apart, being the extent of an opposition aspect (just as an opposition of 180 in the house of Commons produces powerful effects); and to-morrow, "the moon will pass Venus, and also be in opposition to Jupiter." What then?

"The aspect of Venus and Jupiter on the 27th, gives fair weather and clear air; though the moon aspecting Saturn and Mars, there will probably be cold, frosty nights. The moon enters Aries on the 29th evening, which brings a change; and as the sun aspects Saturn, the month ends very cold and stormy, with snow. *February*.—The month begins with rainy, thick weather, and unsettled."—Morrison.

But our friend, Mr. Murphy, who utterly flabbergasted Morrison on the 20th, the latter having said that this day, the hardest and coldest we almost ever had, would be "milder and fairer" than preceding days, was not altogether lucky with his "rain" last Wednesday, seeing it was a bleak and severe frost; or on Thursday, when it continued, instead of his second day of "rain," to be a nipping and freezing blast. To-day, he tells us, we are to enjoy fair and frost, and till Saturday next as follows:—

"27th and 28th. Fair and frost. 29th. Changeable. 30th. Rain. 31st and Feb. 1st. Fair and frost. 2d. Changeable."—Murphy.

It is but fair in us to say, however, in speaking of this gentleman and his theory, that he offers several exceptions to the certainty of accurate prediction. "It may be observed," he states, "that as the sources of meteoric action in the atmosphere are various, the state of the weather, at any time, is not the effect of any one individual cause or agency whatever; but is rather the result of the combined action of different causes, of which the following are esteemed to be the principal, viz., the influence exercised by the season; the influence exercised by the particular locality; and finally, that exercised by the moon: these, properly speaking, being esteemed the three arms of meteoric action in the atmosphere, as connected with the weather and its changes. And as, of these three agencies, no more than one is detached, or, at the same time, stationary in its amount at different periods of the year; and which, notwithstanding, from its continual state of change, is capable of being made the medium of calculation in reference to the approaching changes of the weather, viz. the

lunar action; and as, particularly in the lower latitudes during summer, and in the opposite or higher latitudes during the winter, the influence of the season and of locality on the weather, is such, and so much superior to that of the moon, as frequently to merge or neutralise its effects; the consequence of this is, that, though such is rarely the case in our skies, yet when the influence exercised by the season, or by locality, happens to be in opposition to that of the moon, it has the effect of retarding more or less, according to its amount, the effect of the lunar action on the weather; and, on the contrary, that when the action in the season, or the influence exercised by the locality, is of the same tendency as the lunar action, it necessarily has the effect of accelerating, according to its amount, the development of the latter action on the weather; and though in calculations of the kind, the anticipated effects of these influences are necessarily taken into account, yet, as they sometimes vary most materially (even at short distances), they never can be taken with so much accuracy as that cases must not occur, in which the changes of the weather will take place some time before or after the periods marked in the tables as those of their occurrence. Consequently, from the very nature of the subject, it were impossible but that individual exceptions to the indications in the tables should be found to occur: and this, notwithstanding the state of the barometer may be found to prove the correctness of the calculation, as connected with the lunar action; i. e. its rise preceding fair weather, and its fall preceding rain, and its accessory phenomena."

With this we make our bow for the present; and wish it were a rain-bow to promise fine weather.

*Lady Anne Hamilton.*—A book, given out to be written by Lady Anne Hamilton, and more than coping with Lady Charlotte Bury's Memoirs, is, we hear, handed about the literary circles.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

##### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

On Warming and Ventilating, with Directions for making and using the Thermometer Stoves, &c. by N. Arnott, M. D. 8vo. 5s.—Tracts for the Church; Sermons, &c. by the Rev. W. Burgh, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Gaudin's or, The Poor Lawyer. Printed by F. Horne, Esq. 12mo. 8s.—S. T. Sturtevant's Preacher's Manual, 2d edition, 8vo. 1s.—Bradley's Practical Sermons, Vol. II. royal 12mo. 8s.—Taller's Law of Executors, by F. Whitmarsh, 8vo. 10s.—Warner Arundell, the Adventures of a Creole, by E. L. Joseph, 3 vols. post 8vo. II. 1s. 6d.—First Lessons in Singing, No. I. 8vo. 2s.—Xenophon Anabasis, chap. 1-6, with Lexicon, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—J. F. Royle on the Antiquity of Hindoo Medicine, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—H. J. Woodcock's Laws and Constitution of the British Colonies, 2d edition, 8vo. 8s.—The Prisoners of Abd-el Kader; or, Five Months' Captivity among the Arabs, by Mons. A. De France, 12mo. 6s.—Holland and Belgium, illustrated by Professor Van Hampton, royal 8vo. 17. 1s.—Memoir of Mary Evill, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Fairy Annual, plain, 2s. 6d.; coloured, 5s.—The Young Man's Aid to Knowledge, by the Rev. H. Winslowe, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Gaultier's Geographical and Historical Questions, square, 3s.—Reading Recreations, by Editors of "Relaxation," 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Life of Rev. G. Crabbé, by his Son, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—J. G. Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, 3 vols. 8vo. 32. 3s.—Twenty-one Sermons, by the Rev. B. W. Mathias, 8vo. 12s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In order to make room for Mr. Crosse's Paper, we have this week much curtailed our review department; but there have been no new works of any consequence. The principles of justice, which govern the *Literary Gazette*, induce us to insert a letter from Mr. Howitt, without remark; and also a reclamation on the subject of Dry Rot. These matters create a variety in our sheet. Last week was full of the progress of chemistry and useful discoveries. This week, we may say, is the week of woodcuts; for we have not only illustrated Mr. Crosse's experiments by one, but done the same for Mr. Britton's "Casaberry," and though last, not least, given Hood's *Doctor's Commons*, to point his entertaining paper on the laughing philosophy of disease.



## COMPANION TO LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

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